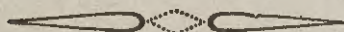




## Spence Broughton.



To you, my dear companions, accept these lines I pray,  
A most deeply felt trial has occupied the day;  
'Tis from your dying Broughton, to show his wretched fate,  
And you'll make reformation before it is too late.

The loss of your companion will grieve your heart full sore,  
I know that my fair Ellen will my wretched fate deplore,  
Thinking of those unhappy hours that now are past and gone,  
And I, unhappy Broughton, would I had ne'er been born.

One day unto Saint James's with large and swelling pride,  
Each man had a flashing woman a walking by his side,  
And at night we did retire unto some ball or play,  
In these unhappy pleasures our time did pass away.

Brought up in wicked habits, which wrought in me no fear,  
How little did I think that my time had been so near,  
But now I am overtaken, I am bound and cast to die,  
Exposed a sad example to all that does pass by.

O that I had but gone unto some far and distant clime,  
Then a gibbet-post for Broughton would never have been  
mine;

But as for such like wishes they are vanity and vain,  
Alas, it is but folly and madness to complain.

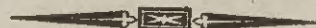
One night to try and slumber I closed my weeping eyes,  
I heard a foot approaching which struck me with surprise,  
I listened for a moment, a voice made this reply,  
Prepare thyself Spence Broughton, to-morrow thou must die.

O awful was the messenger, and dismal was the sound,  
Like a maniac in distraction I rolled upon the ground,  
My tears now flow in torrents, with anguish I am torn,  
O poor unhappy Broughton, would I had ne'er been born.

Farewell my wife and children, to you I bid adieu,  
I never should have come to this had I staid at home with you;  
But I hope through my Redeemer to gain a happy shore,  
Farewell, Farewell for ever, Spence Broughton is no more.



## I'd rather stay WITH YOU.



Madam, you now my trade is war:  
And what should I deny it for?  
Whene'er the trumpet sounds from far,  
I long to hack and hew.  
Yet, madam, credit what I say;  
Were I this moment called away,  
And all the troops drawn in array,  
I'd rather stay with you.

Did drums and sprightly trumpets sound  
Did death and carnage stalk around,  
Did dying horses bite the ground,  
Had we no hope in view,  
Were the whole army lost in smoke,  
Were they the last words that I spoke,  
I'd say,—and d—me if I joke,—  
I'd rather stay with you.

Did the foe charge us front and rear,  
Did e'en the bravest face appear  
Imprest with signs of mortal fear!  
Though never vet'ran knew  
So terrible and hot a fight;  
Though all my laurels it should blight,  
Though I should lose so fine a sight,  
I'd rather stay with you.



WIC  
S. 1000  
R. 22  
H. 10  
M. 9